Trope: Fake Date (Hannigram)

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Trope: Fake Date (Hannigram)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is astonished and irritated by persistent rumours that he is dating his alpha psychiatrist, Hannibal Lecter. Doctor Lecter comes up with an interesting solution to their problem, hoping to resolve the situation at the FBI Christmas Party.

Notes

Beta'd by the amazing Victorine - thanks lovely <3
For #HanniHoliday "Presents" and #WinterMurderland

Chapter 1

“You should ask Alana to the Christmas party.” Bev was grinning at him over their latest case, or rather the dead body that had created the case.

“What? Why? What?” Will stumbled over the words and felt colour rise in his cheeks as it always did when Bev teased him.

“She likes you, I can tell.” Bev winked at him then before diving into the cadaver with some forceps to collect evidence.

“Alana’s an omega.” Will pointed out.

“So? Don’t you swing that way? I know she does.” Matter of factly spoken as Bev was now engrossed in her job. Will shrugged even though she couldn’t see it. He’d experimented a little in college, and Alana was nice but he didn’t see himself with another omega for the long haul. Not that he was looking for something serious.

He shook all the thoughts from his head; Bev always had him rattled like this, she did it on purpose, she loved to wind him up and watch him go. This was clear when she looked up at him with a grin.

“Relax Graham. I’m just yanking your chain. We’re laying odds on whether you’re gonna bring your boyfriend and finally let that cat out of the bag.” She was chuckling.

Boyfriend? He did not have a boyfriend and was racking his brains to understand what this new line of teasing meant. He gave up after a moment. “What are you talking about, Katz?” He pinched the bridge of his nose and gave her the exasperated look she knew so well.

“Doctor Lecter. The hotty you’ve been seeing for months now. Even Jack thinks it’s adorable and I really thought he’d have an issue what with him being your therapist on payroll, but I guess as it’s ‘unofficial’ therapy…” she made air quotes, “he’s happy to let it slide.” She went back to fishing out evidence.

Will was frowning so hard it was starting to hurt his face. “He’s not my boyfriend. He’s my psychiatrist.”

“Yup.” She nodded without looking up. “My bet was on you not being ready to go public. You’re too damn shy about these things Will, you need to relax with yourself a little. I’m sure your ‘psychiatrist’-” more air quotes but still not looking up “-would say the same.”

“We’re not dating Bev, I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“Damn Will.” Now she looked up. “You really need to get over this hang-up. Everyone is cool with the dating colleagues thing. No one is going to think less of you for it… and you’re not even really colleagues! Not really.” She sighed and went back to her work. Will was glad that the topic appeared to have been dropped.

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“And how are you today Will?” Doctor Lecter asked him as he threw his bag on the chaise and paced a little. The doctor moved towards the matching chairs, looking as immaculately groomed as usual.

“Agitated.” Will almost snapped the word but managed to curb his tone. It wasn’t the doctor’s fault.

“How so?” Lecter asked, indicating the opposite chair. Will stopped pacing and took the seat opposite the one Lecter smoothly lowered himself into.

“Oh, it’s nothing really. It should be funny I guess but… I just don’t like people making assumptions about my personal life.”

“Anyone in particular?” Lecter sat back and gave Will his undivided attention. Will liked that about him, even out of sessions like when he would go over for dinner at the doctor’s place, he would focus on Will like he was the only person ever worth listening to. It was nice. It wasn’t something Will had a lot of but he found he liked the attentiveness. The guy was clearly a top psychiatrist.

“Just Bev. Bev Katz.”

“Your colleague? We’ve met on occasion. You don’t get along?”

“Oh we get along just fine. Really close actually, she befriended me as soon as I started working for Jack and she’s a good pal. But she likes to tease and I guess sometimes it isn’t so much funny as it is annoying.” Will huffed a sigh. Perhaps it was funny? Maybe he should have found it funny and laughed it off?

“I assume such teasing is what has you agitated. Would you care to discuss it?” A level and comforting tone. He always felt comforted around this alpha, which wasn’t something he could say about most alphas he knew.

Will looked up at Lecter then. His expression was open and unguarded, Will watched him intently as he spoke to see if that changed at all - “Bev was teasing that I should bring you to the Christmas party.”

“Oh.” No change.

“Because she thinks we’re dating.” he added with a cringe.

The slightest of raised eyebrows at that, but it dropped back in place so quick Will wondered if he might have imagined it. Even so he didn’t imagine the doctor’s hesitation when he went to speak - “And… Why do you suppose she thinks that?”

“Oh god, I have no idea where Bev gets half of her ideas from. She was telling me last week that Zeller was seen checking out one of the betas from the lab. Bev’s just a gossip I guess.” Will shook his head, the annoyance renewed if anything.

“I see. And how do you feel about that Will?” Tone cool but not cold.

“About Bev being a gossip? How would you feel about it?” He snapped the last out and then shot a look of apology to the doctor. The man was used to him being prickly, always put up with it. Will took a breath and shrugged. “Nothing I say or do is going to change her.”

“No, about your colleagues thinking that we’re dating.”

Will looked sharply up at Lecter then and studied his face for a moment. Was he amused? He didn’t want the doctor to be offended.

“Well, it's ridiculous of course, so it’s annoying but totally Bev. Just the sort of thing she comes out with. I should just relax and let it blow over.”

“That sounds like the best approach.” Lecter agreed though his words did sound a little stilted.

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It was a few days later that Jimmy started on about Doctor Lecter too. Nothing big, just casually asked in passing as they were out in the field - “Are you guys going to wear matching masks or anything?”

“What?” Will was immediately confused, not least because he was standing in the middle of a field trying to imagine the amount of snow that had been in there the day before when the crime scene had been fresh.

“You and Doctor Lecter? For the Christmas party. God only knows who chose the masquerade theme, it was bad sweaters last year, which was fun… got a bit sweaty though. See the hubby and I are thinking he might wear a black one and I’ll wear a white one but I

like the idea of us having completely matching ones made. Is it too late do you think? To have them made?"

Jimmy finally stopped talking and was staring at him expectantly and Will could only stare back. He shook his head for a minute. "I'm not going with Doctor Lecter." he said slowly.

"Oh, that's a shame. Is he busy? So nice to do little things like this your first Christmas together-"

He seemed about to continue on so Will held up his hand and cut him off. "We're not dating. Bev needs to stop spreading this rumour right now!" He was agitated.

Jimmy looked at him a little confused. "Bev didn't tell me… Jack and I were discussing it the other day… haven't you been dating for months now? You're always having dinner together and he brings you coffee and…" Jimmy trailed off as Will held up his hand again. He was going to say something to set Jimmy right, but it was just too infuriating. He turned and stalked off back to his car instead.

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It was the next day in the omega bathroom that Will decided enough was enough. He ran into Brian Zeller in there and they politely said hi, spoke a little about the case. Will was washing his hands when a thought popped into his head. Maybe he was obsessing over it, maybe it was just because it was so annoying, but he wanted to know how far this belief that he and Lecter were dating went. Of everyone in the department Zeller seemed the least likely to partake in idle gossip - but then he would have said that of Jack a day ago too.

"So hey Brian, do you know if Doctor Lecter is going to the Christmas party?" He asked casually, not looking up from the sink until a few moments had passed. And then he was greeted by a confused expression in the mirror.

"What? I don't get you. Aren't you going together?" Zeller looked perplexed.

"Why would we go together?" Will pushed, more curious than annoyed now, wondering exactly what Zeller was thinking about this.

"You're so weird Graham, you know that? I never get your sense of humour. What's the joke?" He looked confused and slightly annoyed at Will who remained silent long enough to compel Zeller to continue. "Is this some weird territorial thing about your boyfriend? I know he's a pretty great catch, but you've got dibs…" He trailed off and seemed thoughtful for a moment before hurriedly adding. "Look if Jimmy said something… Sure I thought about it, I mean the guy's a successful doctor and pretty damn hot, but as soon as I realised you guys were together that was it. Done man, no interest at all. I'm not that kind of omega."

Will's mouth fell open and he said nothing more. Just watched as Zeller looked uncomfortable and then quickly washed his hands and left mumbling something more about Will being weird.

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“So, they all think we’re dating.” Will near shouted the words in exasperation as he threw his bag onto the chaise. “I’m sorry if this is uncomfortable for you Doctor. I wish I knew what to do - other than throttle every last one of them.” He paused to take a steadying breath. “Maybe I’ll try talking to Bev again.” Will felt embarrassed on the doctor’s behalf as he spent the first ten minutes of his next session with Lecter filling him in on the gossip he had uncovered.

“Please Will, there’s no need to feel bad, I am neither embarrassed nor uncomfortable.” Lecter gave him a reassuring smile but Will was sure he was just being polite and couldn’t help the huffed out laugh.

“Yeah right? Good looking, successful, well off alpha like you being linked in gossip to the likes of me isn’t exactly flattering for you is it! I’m just sorry you got pulled into all this.” Will couldn’t meet the man’s eyes, especially when he felt his face warming with a blush. Why did he have to blush now of all times? Lecter would think he was interested in him or something. He stifled a laugh at the thought - as if the alpha would be interested in courting an omega like him.

“Please Will, I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable either. Perhaps there is a resolution we can come to with this.” Lecter’s tone was comforting, the words covered Will like a blanket and warmed him. He looked up and shared a smile with the alpha.

“I’m open to suggestions. Before this gets totally out of hand.”

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The last thing Will had expected was for Lecter to suggest that they actually play along with the gossip. Apparently his attitude was - if you can’t beat them, join them. If no one would believe they weren’t a couple then, he suggested, why not go to the Christmas party together and stage a very public break up. That way there could be no misunderstandings. Their relationship to each other would be clear to everyone. And it would be over.

“So you want to go with me… as a fake date?” he’d asked.

“If you want to put it that way.” Lecter had smiled. Will had shrugged. It sounded almost amusing, playing Bev at her own game. They’d give her something to really gossip about!

Or at least that was how he had felt at the time. Now, stood in front of his mirror trying to find a presentable outfit, he was less sure. Whilst it was a fake date and they planned to ‘break up’ before the evening was out, he still didn’t want to embarrass Lecter by turning up looking as dressed down as he normally did, he was irritated at having to dress up at all. A masquerade was just an excuse for omega’s to dress up all pretty and that sort of crap annoyed the shit out of him. Which was something he should probably have considered days earlier and not an hour before being picked up, because in the end between laundry and not owning anything remotely formal, Will had had to settle on the tidiest thing he had to hand. A clean checkered shirt and the nicest tie he owned. He wasn’t even sure they went together. In fact he was pretty sure they didn’t.

He didn’t have time to consider it further because there was a knock at the door and he cursed at himself for not being ready. He rubbed his palms on his trousers as he walked to the door,

suddenly clammy. He felt nervous; how silly to feel nervous over a fake date. He just didn't want to put out Doctor Lecter at all, was what he told himself. It was nice of him to suggest this, to go along with it, but Will didn't want to make a fool of him. He already wondered how much of the gossip about them was along the lines of how the doctor was slumming it and could do much better. He shook the thoughts from his head as he opened the door.

"Good evening Will." He was greeted with a smile that stole the air from his lungs. Lecter looked amazing. He was always so well turned out in his three piece suits that Will just assumed more of the same. He did not expect the figure hugging midnight blue dinner suit with subtle gold tie and pocket square.

"Wow!" The word tripped out of his mouth so he quickly followed it with "I am so underdressed."

Lecter started past him and into the house, Will had already locked the dogs away in anticipation of at least letting the alpha get to the party sans dog hair.

"Nonsense Will, you look very nice. If anything I am likely overdressed. The curse of having too formal a wardrobe." Another disarming smile before Lecter held out a box to him. "Here, I took the liberty…"

Will closed the front door and took the box tentatively. "You shouldn't have… I mean… this isn't a real date." He gave an uneasy chuckle but opened the box nonetheless. He'd never really been courted before, was this what it felt like for an alpha to bring courting gifts? He pushed the thought to the back of his mind.

"Oh. Wow! Again!" Will was impressed by what looked to be a hand-made mask, in navy blue with gold trim. Clearly expensive though not over the top in decoration - nothing so gaudy as he knew some omegas might be wearing. "I hadn't even… it completely slipped my mind to get a mask. Thank you, this is really thoughtful." He smiled at Lecter and had a beaming smile returned. There was so much pleasure and affection in that smile that Will almost forgot for a moment that this was all a ruse. Did it have to be, he wondered, surprising himself; surely he'd never think of Lecter that way. He was his psychiatrist!

But of course Will had thought about it, idly, many times. Because it was hard to spend so much time with someone, with an alpha - enjoying each other's company and making each other laugh - and not wonder if it could go somewhere. Will did what he did anytime those thoughts started to rise - he reminded himself of what a joke that would be. It wasn't like the alpha would fit into his life. Sure the dogs always loved to see him, and he was super polite about them, but dog hair? Fishing equipment? Dirty boots? Not really things that screamed Hannibal Lecter. How ridiculous it was to even consider that Lecter could be interested in an omega like him when there were all those glittering, beautiful things that no doubt hung off him at every gallery opening and opera performance. Will felt a stab of jealousy and was glad when Lecter spoke.

"I wasn't sure what you would be wearing, so I decided to match it to the colour of your eyes." His gaze seemed to linger for a moment and Will was sure he was just checking to make sure his eyes were in fact blue. Lecter seemed to hesitate for a moment and then he removed the mask from the box in Will's hand and moved behind him. "May I?" Those

words spoken so close. Will went to remove his glasses and then stopped but Lecter seemed to understand his hesitation. “Perhaps you can do without them for one night? I can put them in my glovebox in case you need to retrieve them?”

Will shook his head and removed the glasses, placing them on the sideboard. “That’s ok, I can do without.” *My shield, my protection. Because you’ll be that instead.* Will was shocked at his own thoughts but had no time to react as Hannibal placed the mask on his face and began fastening it, his hands moving into Will’s curls in order to seat the string appropriately. He stood so close Will could feel the heat coming from him, smell his earthy scent, and when his hands left his hair Will almost groaned at the loss.

“Shall we?” Lecter returned to facing him and offered his arm with a smile.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Things don't go as planned for the "break-up"

They had purposely arrived an hour or so into the party so as to be able to lose themselves a little in the already formed crowd and not draw more attention than necessary until it came time for their little show - Lecter's idea but Will wondered if it was in consideration for his own dislike of social situations. The doctor always seemed so considerate of such things and he really appreciated that. This was already going to be difficult enough even if he wanted it over and done with and the gossip finished, so he was especially grateful. Even if the thought gave him a pang in his chest that he couldn't name.

Before they had gotten out of the car Lecter had donned his own mask, a reflection of Will's - a dark gold with navy trim that matched his suit perfectly. As they approached the building's glass doors Will noted in their reflections that instead of looking at odds with each other, they looked perfectly matching. Their differing aesthetics somehow complimented each other and were tied together with the masks. *Wishful thinking* he thought for a moment before ignoring the notion.

"Are you ok Will? You seem agitated. We don't have to do this. Or we could go somewhere else, to dinner perhaps?" Lecter's voice was calming but it was the hand that he rested on Will's forearm that settled him completely. Will tried to ignore the fact that no other alpha had ever had that calming effect on him. Dinner sounded like a wonderful option, but they were committed to this now and diverting to dinner instead made him feel like he coerced Lecter into it - he wouldn't really want to go for dinner with Will, like it was a date or something, a real one. No, it would be like Will had trapped him like some gold-digging omega.

"I'm fine, let's just get this over with." Will knew his tone was clipped and gave an apologetic look. Lecter just smiled and offered his arm again, which Will took - to keep up the pretence of course.

They made their way to the conference suites where the party was being held, Will growing more nervous with every step. How awful he was to make a fool of Lecter in this way, the doctor had never been anything but kind to him. Despite, and because of, this he sought comfort by sliding his hand down so that he went from interlinked at the arm to holding Lecter's hand. He received a comforting squeeze in return and a thumb rubbing soothingly over the back of his hand. It was calming and Will was touched by how considerate the doctor was.

Lecter leaned in as they were almost at the door. “It’s ok Will, I’ll take care of you, you’ll be fine.” If anyone in his life before this moment had told Will Graham they would take care of him he’d have laughed it off, shouted, become belligerent, walked away, hit them in the face - one of these or many other possible reactions to being made to feel like a weak little omega. Instead he melted into those words, into Lecter’s hand, into the whole side of his body as they entered the room, wanting for the first time in his life to accept those words - not feeling demeaned by them, but bolstered.

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They stayed with each other for half an hour or so, Lecter expertly guiding Will around the room and talking together with people, accepting their compliments on their masks, giving their own. It was the sort of social situation, Will realised, that Lecter excelled at and more than definitely made up for Will’s lack of social ability and surliness. Everyone was polite, they seemed to just accept them being there as a couple with no furtive looks or whispered words that Will could tell. Did people really think they were together? That them being there as a couple was not merely a confirmation of idle gossip but completely expected and actually unnoteworthy? Will didn’t know how to feel about that or about the clawing feeling inside his chest.

Will stood looking at the tree, decorated in gold in the corner of the room. Lecter had excused himself to talk to Alana Bloom about some interesting study he’d been reading and Will had waved him away with a smile, glad that the man could at least enjoy the party a little. He must have been stood staring at that damn tree and wondering what it would be like to be on a real date with Lecter for another half hour, when Bev appeared beside him.

“Boy am I glad you two finally outed this relationship. I don’t even care that I lost the bet. It’s nice to see you happy. I mean… I get it, you don’t want people to take you less seriously if you bond, especially him being so fancy. But this isn’t the 50s, no one is going to expect you to give up work and start popping out kids.” She let out a light laugh. “Unless you wanted to of course,” she followed quickly seeing the clearly stunned look on his face.

“I… hadn’t really thought about kids,” he mumbled truthfully, even though his mind was now completely consumed by the idea of creating some miniature Lecters and the knotting he’d require for that to happen. His heart thumped heavy once and then started in a new rhythm altogether that made it hard to breath. He scrubbed his hand roughly over his face.

“Well, I’m happy for you either way bud.” Bev grinned and punched his arm before swigging back her punch and wandering off.

Will’s eyes followed her for a moment before scanning the room and seeing Lecter across the other side, now talking with Bella Crawford, but he was looking at Will. He was looking at Will with an expression of questioning and concern. As though he had just witnessed the mixed feeling of trepidation and desire that had ripped through Will.

After a moment Lecter’s expression changed, and he cocked his head - was Will ready for their performance? He hesitated a moment, because no, no he really wasn’t. No he really didn’t want to break up with his fake date. But he found himself nodding anyway - this is

what they had agreed to, he wasn't going to leave everyone thinking that Lecter was really his boyfriend, that would be very unfair of him.

Will started towards Lecter, watching as the man excused himself so they could meet somewhere near the middle of the room. His heart was racing and his palms were sweaty again. So nervous about doing this, yes that was it. He didn't want to embarrass Lecter. They had already agreed to make it look like a conversation that becomes heated and ends with them deciding to go their separate ways - it would be unfair to seem like there were recriminations on either side.

"Are you ready Will?" Lecter asked quietly once they were close. Will tried to nod but found he couldn't. "Are you ok?" the doctor asked and went to place a hand at the small of Will's back. That was what did it, because that felt so intimate and so wrongly right. Something he shouldn't be ok with, something that should drive him to carry out the plan they had agreed on. But it didn't, it goddamn well didn't and he was angry at himself for that because he really didn't want to break up with Hannibal Lecter.

"I… I'm sorry, I don't want to trap you… I mean this isn't, I didn't intend to... I can't do this." The words tumbled out.

Lecter looked a little confused. "We don't have to do this Will, if you're not comfortable with the public display we can devise something else."

"Sure ok. Whatever." Will had reverted to surly self protection, which was difficult as he was pretty sure it was his own feelings he was seeking protection from.

The hand slipped further around to his waist so that they were pressed together, Lecter whispering quietly. "Will, you seem upset, what can I do to help?"

"Just! No…" Will shrugged the doctor off, surprised by the sudden closeness and the desire it fired within him. The desire that the alpha could, should, scoff at if he knew of it. He wasn't even sure if he was angry at Lecter or himself.

"Will, I apologise… It's an instinct to protect… I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable." Hushed tones still but even so people were starting to look over and Will realised that it was happening anyway, that it would only take a few less-hushed words for their fake breakup to happen. And the thought terrified him.

"Do you like me Doctor Lecter?" He asked quickly and quietly, so much so that Lecter had to move forward a little again to hear. "Are we friends?"

"I'd like to think so, yes Will." Lecter was clearly concerned but restraining himself from reaching for him again.

"Is that why you're doing this for me?" Will couldn't help the anguish in his tone.

"I suppose it is." Lecter hesitated for a moment before continuing - "Though I also considered that it might be enjoyable to spend an evening with you."

“We spend evenings together all the time!” Will felt confused and defensive. This situation was all his doing and yet he did feel an anger towards the alpha he knew was a misguided sense of self-preservation. “I’m always coming over for dinner. You didn’t need to agree to do this to spend time with me.”

“No, I suppose not.” Lecter looked sort of despondent, and swallowed thickly before he looked back at Will. “Perhaps as an opportunity to give you a Christmas gift then without fear of it being rejected, as I suspect might otherwise have been the case.”

Will frowned at that and touched the mask that Lecter had put on him, that matched the alpha's own. “But… that’s just ridiculous. It’s beautiful, really, thank you - but I only needed it because I was coming here… with you.” Will couldn’t help the exasperated huff. A quick glance told him people continued to look over at them and take in their expressions and tones even if they couldn’t make out their words.

“Yes, I agree that it is rather a frivolous gift.” He sounded chastised but then looked at Will with a weird sort of determination that he couldn’t quite work out. “I know you would have preferred a more practical gift, you are not someone swayed by wealth and posturing when something practical that meets your needs would be appreciated more. Perhaps a gesture, such as a cup of coffee.”

“But…” Will was confused and hesitated over the words. “You bring me coffee all time.” It was true, he did - homemade, practically award winning, delicious coffee that he only ever brought along for Will even if he knew other people from the team were in the field with him. It was that sort of thing that probably had people gossiping in the first place. The fact that this was all probably Lecter’s fault not only made Will feel less bad about dragging him along in this ruse, but also made him even angrier.

“Well… Did you ever think it might have been things like that that had people gossiping in the first place?” Will could see it now, Bev and Jimmy looking over and making assumptions. “They probably thought you were trying to court me!” He managed to keep his voice low despite his growing ire.

“Yes Will, they probably did.” Lecter said sternly, his eyes fixed on Will’s. The doctor’s expression, barely readable beneath the mask, seemed to be somewhere between annoyed and imploring as if there was something Will was missing.

A lot of people were looking at them now and Will realised they were definitely being listened to and Bev was standing right next to him with her mouth aghast.

“Shit Will!” she started, “you really aren’t together are you?”

Will’s face was burning from both anger and embarrassment. He looked at the floor, completely unable to face the no doubt amused looks of his colleagues, and whatever Lecter was looking like because he really wasn’t sure what he would see there - anger, embarrassment - he just knew he wouldn’t like it.

“Ok people, back to snogging under the mistletoe, nothing to see here.” Will heard Jimmy moving people along. He took a deep breath and forced himself to look up to find that

Hannibal was standing closer than he realised and Bev and Jimmy were hustling people away from them.

“Oh look a Christmas tree, who thought we’d see one of those tonight, let’s talk about that,” he could hear Jimmy saying and couldn’t help the small smile at the help his colleague, his friend, had given.

Hannibal loosened his mask and took it off, his face open and clear, and yet Will still couldn’t really understand the expression. Because what he saw there didn’t make sense in his mind. It didn’t add up to the expectations he had on Lecter’s behalf. Because in truth Will felt like he was being looked at with total adoration, but successful thoroughbred alphas, like Doctor Hannibal Lecter, did not look like that at omegas like him. It didn’t make any sense at all.

“Will. This…” Hannibal let out a sigh. “I’m sorry, I’ve embarrassed you in front of your colleagues. That was not my intention.” He paused for a moment. “I think I had better go.”

He started to walk away but Will reached out before he had time to think - “Hannibal, wait.”

The alpha turned and they seemed to both realise at the same moment it was the first time Will had ever called him by his first name. Will frowned and sighed. “I don’t understand any of this. I feel like I dragged you into my ruse.”

“No, I got here on my own, but I appreciate the company.” Hannibal’s reassuring smile melted him and everything in his brain seemed to click, as unreal as it seemed.

“Hannibal… have you been trying to court me?” He felt stupid but he had to ask it.

Hannibal’s smile grew wider. “Yes Will, I have.”

“Oh god!” Will groaned and looked down, rubbing his neck to try and stop the flush of heat rising there but instead swirling his scent into the air, he realised, when Hannibal took in a deep breath. “I just… Why the hell would you be interested in me?”

“Intelligent, talented, attractive…” Hannibal began.

“Surly, disagreeable, rude.” Will countered.

“Yes, those as well.” Hannibal agreed with a smile. He moved forward and reached behind Will to untie his mask, removing it slowly. “I thought you were playing hard to get, it never occurred to me that you hadn’t even realised my intentions until you told me about the gossip. I should have told you then, but I was so thrown by your not having realised that I was left reeling. When we agreed upon this fake date I’m sorry to say I convinced myself that it wasn’t fake, that you really knew how I felt but had been shy.”

Will snorted at that.

“Yes, I think shy is not one of the ways I might describe you. Cautious then perhaps? I know you don’t want to be tied down. I know that you might incorrectly view me as an overpowering, traditional alpha that wants to keep you barefoot and pregnant, so I understood

the caution and wanted to persuade you that that wasn't the case. That all I want is to protect and provide for you… and have you do the same for me."

Will's mouth was dry. This was so completely unexpected. Only it wasn't though was it? Now that his mind had reeled back through everything since their first meeting. How had he missed it?

"Oh that breakfast." Will groaned again. How could he have interpreted that breakfast Lecter had brought him when they were working a case as anything other than a courting gesture? He'd been so oblivious all this time. "I'm such an idiot, I'm so sorry." Will smiled then, unguarded but self-deprecating. "If you want to take that all back and fob me off now please feel free, I'd totally deserve it."

Hannibal let out a low chuckle and moved closer to Will, not quite touching but their bodies close enough that they could scent each other. Will breathed in and felt calm, reassured, wanted. He could feel the resonance in Hannibal's breath as he practically purred at Will's scent.

"Maybe I could bring you coffee tomorrow morning?" Hannibal's voice was rough.

Will bit his lower lip and reached out a hand, taking one of Hannibal's hands in his. "I was thinking maybe you could make me breakfast again instead?" Will looked up then into burning eyes that barely contained the lust that Will had been persuading himself was something else for so long. He felt that feeling he so often had around the doctor - a dual stirring in his chest and loins that suddenly made sense.

"Oh, Will…" The doctor exhaled his name as he moved forward, claiming Will's mouth. Will opened to him instantly, felt the same eagerness born from time wasted. Hannibal's tongue moved languidly against his own and he had an overwhelming sense from it of just how the doctor would make love to him. He groaned into the kiss as he saw in his mind, Hannibal moving slowly within him, filling him, knotting him, whilst gently playing his lips over his throat and one day, maybe sooner than later, sinking his teeth in and creating a permanent bond between them.

*

Bev Katz was more than a little amused. She hadn't pegged exactly what had been going on between Will and the doctor, and she would never likely have predicted what just happened. She laughed, sharing a giggle with Jimmy as the looked on at their utterly clueless friend being snogged senseless by Baltimore's most desired alpha.

"Will - The Empath - Graham everyone." She laughed, though they were too lost to each other to hear. She couldn't help the slow clap as their kiss deepened and finally, forced to turn away from the near pornographic sight, added - "Geez, guys, get a room!"

They didn't hear that either.

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